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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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Story of Two Brides.

We tell this story to the readers of the Journal as it was told one afternoon in the Senate lobby, to a deeply interesting coterie consisting of Dick Wintersmith, Charley Woolley, John Fennell, O. O. Stealy and the various editors of this paper. The editor of the story was Don Platt, then editor of the Washington "Capital." All hands had just returned from the lunch room and were tapping off on cigars. How the subject of brides and bridegrooms came under consideration, and what suggested of the strange story, we have forgotten—but Platt never told a story *malapropos*, and never told one that was not true, for he was not an editor? We use his very words, so far as they can be recalled.

One summer evening, just as the sun was setting behind the rapids and making a golden pathway across the limpid waters, the Accomack, plying between the local wharves of the James River and Old Point, set on shore four persons, or, to speak to the card, two couples, and just married, as any one could see with half an eye; blushing and clinging helplessly, so to speak, on the woman's part, and great nervousness, added to a self-protecting air, on the man's side, and an appearance, badly acted, of indifference in both, the told tale.

The genial Phlegus appears on the stage; he takes in the situation at a glance; he walks, or rather rolls, up to the quartet.

Walk up to my hotel, gentlemen and ladies. My name's Phlegus, and I'm owner here. What might your be?

One murmurs Jones, the other Smith, and then both stuttering, present Mrs. J. and Mrs. S.

Just married, I see, said the genial proprietor. Walk right up, and I'll give you the best rooms in the house; I like bridal couples, I do; reminds me of the time when me and my old woman did the tender racket and cleaned our teeth with the same brush.

After waiting in the reception room half an hour the two couples were shown their respective rooms, they being marked on the register as 100 and 101, and were side by side. After supper they journeyed to the ball room, and sat listening to the music. Then the bridegroom fled and disappeared to their rooms. One was a short, sprightly brunette, all fire and sparkle, and as plump as partridge; the other a tall Juno-limbed blonde with complexion of cream and rose, sleepy, sensuous—just such a type as Rubens loved to paint. The grooms were alike in stature; both had bearded faces, with an adolescent moustache growing, and it is needless to add that they were from the